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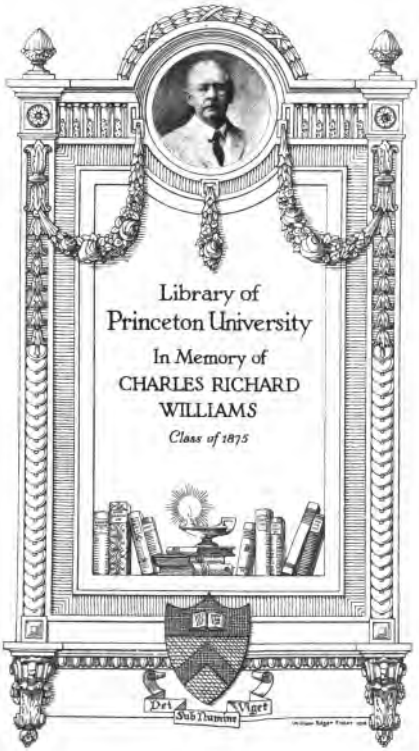

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A

VERSEBOOK

BY

WEBSTER PERIT HUNTINGTON.

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A Verse Book

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Holly

GREEN leaves for Life Eternal — Life that flows
Above, around, below, a silent tide,
In Summer's sunny fields, 'midst Winter's snows
And thrills the stars and all the hosts that ride
Where Time and Space their endless vigils keep;
Green leaves for life for thee and me,
For all we are, for all we hope to be —
Green leaves forever vernal,
Green leaves for Life Eternal!

Red berries for Love and faith of human hearts—
Deep red, with ev'ry fibre all aflame —
As crimsoned with the tingling blood that starts
To mount the cheek of modesty or shame —
Tint of the firmament at sunset hour!

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Red berries for Sympathy aglow,
For Charity that healeth so —
For light and warmth beneath, above —
Red berries for Hope and Love!

Berries red and leaves of green entwined
Are tokens sweet that Life and Love are wed;
That both are infinite and both are kind,
By faith unto the Father's altar led,
With all the years and centuries their own!
Green leaves for life for thee and me,
For all we are, for all we hope to be —
Green leaves for Life Eternal,
Berries red for Love that's vernal!

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Whistlin' on the Pump

A-STRAGGLIN' into our back yard —
his hands his pockets in,
His mind all free from worry and his soul all free from sin —
I remember how he used to come, some minutes "before school,"
And notify the folks at home that he had "time to fool,"
By whistlin' up a dismal tune, like any idle gump,
While twistin' his two legs around my father's pea-green pump.

I remember how my hunger fled whene'er I heard his notes,
Like nightingales', soar upward as from a thousand throats;

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And how my father would depose and most
austerely state
That, although "Mort" was whistlin', I could
wisely let him wait.
But such advice was lost on me, for I was on
the jump,
When my old pardner was out there, a-whistlin'
on the pump.

Lord, how the buckwheats lost their charm and
syrup all its sweet,
Which at any other moment not nothin' else
could beat!
How cold indoors th' ungrateful world would
suddenly appear,
When music underneath the porch proclaimed
that "Mort" was near!
There may be joy that makes your heart go
thump! and thump! and thump!

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But none like that when my old pard was whistlin' on the pump.

Since then I've heard some music, that cost much more to hear
And was really seductive to an educated ear;
And I've shown enthusiasm by joining in applause,
When the spirit truly moved me from a truly earnest cause;
But no remembrance of it all produces that queer lump
That catches me, when I recall "Mort's" whistlin' on the pump.

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"Bless Everybody"

A CURLY head bowed on my knee,
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently —
And God receives the last "Goodnight"!
No hour so solemn, none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

Not blessings born of men she asks —
Petitions for herself alone —
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though nothing sown;
Not happiness nor length of days,
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea —
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seem to be.

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For those she loves this little child
  In tender accents intercedes,
As if our hearts were reconciled
  To make contentment of our needs.
A blessing on each one of kin,
  And then,— Love's banner all unfurl'd,
As if to take Creation in —
  "Bless Everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world? O gentle heart,
  That throbs not with one selfish thrill,
That isolates no soul apart,
  Forebodes no living creature ill;
The incense from thy altar place
  High in the clouds is wreathed and curl'd,
To bear the message of thy grace
  To "everybody in the world!"

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Dearest Beloved

DEAREST beloved, fair be the skies that
give light to thy day,
Warm be the sun that looks down to
crown thee with halos of beauty;
Dearest beloved, sweet as the moment our love
found the way
Be all of thy life, my dear one,— this I hope,
this I pray!

Brave heart and true heart, thine is the faith
of the conquering soul,
Deep as the light of thine eyes whose eloquence
telleth the story;
Dearest beloved, whither the waves of thy life's
waters roll
Is the shore of my hope, my darling,— my far
home, my sweet goal!

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Whether our journey lies in the valleys of darkness or light,
Leading away to the sun or down to the gathering shadows,
Dearest beloved, the star of our love still glamours the Night
For the children of Him, my sweetheart, who are one in His sight.

So, my beloved, fair are our skies, be it night, be it day;
Warm is the sun or the star that crowns thee with halos of beauty;
Dearest beloved, such are the paths where our love finds the way
For this life and the next, my dear one — this we know while we pray!

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Hard Cider

TALK not to me of wines from France,
from Italy and Spain —
The like of that hard cider I shall never
quaff again.
Had such a treat Olympus known, and Bacchus
held full sway,
This nectar for the gods had been — Ambrosia,
thrown away!
The German's beer, the Frenchman's wine, the
Englishman's old ale
Are doubtless good enough for some, but me
they can't regale;
The pulque of old Mexico, the Chinaman and
his tea,
Avaunt! hard cider reigns supreme — not one
of 'em for me!

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A hundred years its casks have stood in rows
far under ground,
Replenished ev'ry Autumn as the season made
its round;
The earthen floor is cool and dry, the walls are
three feet through,
And just to ripen there is all that cider has to do!
No wonder that the oaken staves a century have
sung
Its praises in that cellar, from the spigot to the
bung,
While spiders of an ancestry long numbered with
the dead
Have weaved four generations' webs 'twixt the
rafters overhead!
You can talk of all the drinkables that ever were
turned loose,
But when that cider starts to flow — well, neigh-
bor, what's the use?

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Its aroma is the ecstacy of flowers when they dream
Of the mingled joy and sweetness of meadow, wood and stream;
Its sheen is like the diamond, and its pale, pellucid hue
Like a pearl beneath the waters, with the sunlight flashing through;
Its gurgle is the music of the ripple in the brook,
Where the speckled trout is innocent of fisherman or hook;
Its flavor — indescribable, unmatched, beyond compare —
Drink! and behold your true love, apple blossoms in her hair!
Not a headache in a barrel, not a drop to bring remorse,

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It warms your human sympathies and gives you
moral force.
There is no war that cider will not quickly make
a truce,
But when one tries to sing its praise, one won-
ders what's the use.

In the fields it helps the farm-hands to pitch the
new-mown hay
And lightens all the labors of a tedious, toil-
some day;
At noon it cheers the spirit when sipped beneath
the shade,
And when the glow of eve'ning tinges pasture,
grove and glade
There is nothing like that cider to prove the
final test
And compose the mind and body for the grate-
ful hours of rest.

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But, most of all, when Winter's snows drift deep
around the door
And the children are a-rollin' around the kitchen
floor,
And the logs within the fire-place have turned
to living coals,
And all the world seems made for joy to give
to human souls;
Then, when David tunes the fiddle and Martha
pops the corn,
You feel almighty lucky that you were ever born
To mingle with your fellowmen and pass around
the mug
That ends that cider's journey from the barrel
to the jug.
You can talk of all the comfort that ever was
let loose,
But under such conditions — well, honest, what's
the use?

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So not for me is wine from France, from Italy
or Spain —
The like of that hard cider I shall never quaff
again.
The German's beer, the Frenchman's wine, the
Englishman's old ale
Are doubtless good enough for some, but me
they can't regale;
The pulque of old Mexico, the Chinaman and
his tea,
They all may to the devil go — not one of 'em
for me!

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W. D. W.

A MAN of such surpassing grace
That kings might envy his address;
Whose acts for ev'ry time and place
A perfect fitness do possess;

A man of pure and ready wit
Whose shafts are free from poisoned stain,
But strike where they are aimed to hit
And leave no rancor and no pain.

A man of such unselfish heart,
Of mind so lofty and serene,
Who knoweth manhood more than art
And hath no unclean thought to screen;

A man of patience strangely rare,
Forgiving, gentle, kind and just;

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Bold in the right, but swift to spare,
  Quick to uphold, slow to distrust;

A stranger to unseemly pride
  Or affectation's poor deceit;
In sorrow and affliction tried,
  He drank the bitter and the sweet.

A man of such superior mould
  As all that's base soars far above;
Who daily doth some charm unfold
  To win a friend's unselfish love.

That is a friend of mine. — His name?
  Ah, that is not for me to tell.
If thou hast known him, his fair fame
  Will teach thee that thou know'st it well.

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My Composite Boy

I CAN'T make out his elder ways —
This boy of mine, this man of ten,
Who wreathes the flow'rs of childish days
In gardens far beyond our ken.
Howe'er he sits or talks or broods,
With thoughtful brow or twinkling eye,
I find in all his changing moods
Some long forgotten memory.

Thus, if his thought be gently sad,
He folds his hand together — so
For all the world as, when a lad,
I saw his grandma years ago;
And when he speaks I hear once more
Another's softer monotone,
That proves the truth from days of yore —
He is his mother's very own.

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In peevish anger o'er a fret
  Such as I wish would never be,
I see, with natural regret,
  A gesture that is "just like me."
And when he's aired *his* father's airs
  And stalked off with a stately tread,
You'd swear it were upon the stairs
  My father going up to bed.

That merry eye from Uncle Frank,
  That stalwart frame from Uncle Ed,
And with his Uncle Tom to thank
  For some distinguishments of head;
The wit that was his grandsire's joy,
  His other grandpa's searching mind —
All this in my composite boy
  Daily and hourly I find.

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His love of humor, shown in jokes
He loves so well to gravely crack,
Is just like that of older folks
And dates some generations back.
So, be his temper mild or gay —
Passion, laughter, tears or sighs —
At fall of night or break of day
It comes from strange infinities.

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Retribution

UNDER Thy roof, dear God, under Thy roof,
Here in the star-lit night alone,
I hear the voice of Thy reproof —
"Atone! Atone!"
Atone for what, dear God? I do not know,
I am so weak, so poor, so low —
But still the voice I know Thine own —
"Atone!"

Under thy roof, dear home, under thy roof,
Here by the firelight's glow alone,
I hear the voice of thy reproof —
"Atone! Atone!"
Atone for what, dear home? I hesitate,
Thy message comes so strange, so late —
But still the voice I know thine own —
"Atone!"

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So star-lit sky and fire-side's fitful glow
  Reproach the hours forever flown.
Hark! from the tide's receding flow,
    "Atone! Atone!"
Strive or surrender, gird thyself or yield,
Against one word thine ear is never steeled;
  For still the Voice to thee alone —
    "Atone!"

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Rehoboam

II Chronicles, 11-23

GOOD Rehoboam was a king
Who reigned in days of yore;
His household numbered "eighteen wives,"
And "concubines threescore."

For 'twas a custom honored then,
More oft, indeed, than now,
For kings and courtiers to take
A frequent marriage vow.

And this kind of extravagance
Was sometimes overdone,
So that a man with consorts ten
Oft wished for only one.

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But Rehoboam, we are told,
"Desired many wives;"
And that they rued it or complained
No evidence survives.

And thus the king, so Scripture saith,
"Dealt wisely" many years;
And when he died he well deserved
His eighteen widows' tears.

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To the Baby

CHILD of the morning, whence comest thou here,
With a gasp and a struggle, a sob and a tear —
From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West,
Nestled close in her arms on thy fond mother's breast?
Hast thou come from the realm of the Silent Unknown?
The journey is long — didst thou come all alone?

Thine eyes are as blue as the waves of the deep,
Thy brow is as fair as an angel's in sleep;
Thy skin is as soft as the velvety down
Of the flowers that bloom 'neath a sunshiny crown.

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Who sent thee? Who marked thee for Earth
and its woe,
Its joy and its sorrow? — Canst tell? — Dost thou
know?

Sweet child, there is knowledge that passeth our
ken;
There is wisdom not given the children of men.
We grope in the darkness like slaves of the night;
Our fancy is folly — we know not its flight.
Thou art come, thou art gone; whether distant
or near,
We only can know thee how precious, how dear!

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I Turn to Thee

WHEN heart falters and darkness clings,
When Hope flutters on helpless wings,
When Shame whispers in words that burn,
Then, Love, 'tis then to thee I turn;
For flowers that languish are kissed by the sun,
And love without anguish shall never be won —
To thee, Love, to thee, dear heart, I flee —
To thee, dear heart, I turn to thee.
Though days be full of sorrow
There comes a sweet to-morrow —
The dawn I see
And turn to thee.

When Faith wanders on trackless shores,
Pity knocking at thrice-barred doors,

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I Turn to Thee

When no beacon these eyes discern,
Then, Love, 'tis then to thee I turn.
Lo, if thou harkest, the lost find the way,
And hours that are darkest give place to the day —
To thee, Love, to thee my only plea —
To thee, dear heart, I turn to thee;
Forsaken, stricken, lonely,
Thou savest, and thou only —
On bended knee
I turn to thee.

Fluttering Hope, on helpless wing,
Shame's reproach or Doubt's dread sting,
Still for one grace to pray, to yearn —
This, Love, to thee that I may turn.
Thou seest how broken the worn heart may come
For one gentle token — thou wilt not be dumb!—
To thee, Love, to thee my penance be —

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I Turn to Thee

To thee, dear heart, I turn to thee!
Though days be full of sorrow
God send a new to-morrow —
The dawn I see
And turn to thee.

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How Butrick Hired the Pew

THE apples in the orchards blushed red upon the ground,
The trees were almost leafless, and the melancholy sound
Of the winds that rocked their branches in the quiet village street
Told the story of the season when Fall and Winter meet.
In the barns the golden harvest filled each cranny and each nook,
And the cows at eventide assumed a most expectant look;
The winter's wood was high and dry beneath the bulging shed,
And the cider in the cellar shamed the wine when it is red.

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In the ample fire-place nightly the pine logs blazed
away,
When the lamps flashed through the windows
their farewell to the day;
The snow-topped hills stood sentinel for the
sleepy, dreamy vales,
And the hamlet's champion liar began to polish
up his tales.
The housewife beamed upon the world and
thanked her lucky stars
That her summer's work was over and her best
fruit all in jars,
While her good man plied the jack-knife before
the village store
And the government got the profit of his economic
lore.

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This was the happy season of a memorable year
When Old Bill Butrick packed his duds, supported front and rear
By vast supplies of Medford rum, old bourbon, rye and gin,
And sallied forth for Swanzey, where he'd bought the village inn.
Gruff, grizzled, gray and gaunt of form, with brains beneath his hat,
Old Bill was of that human kind that's used to standin' pat.

His voice was like a trumpet's, and he always said his say,
Notwithstandin' it seemed husky a mile or two away;
An eagle eye, a horny hand, but a true and honest heart

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That wouldn't wrong a child, but always took
the weaker part;
No pedigree was needed to label Bill a Yank
And show for what he had or was he had him-
self to thank.
Society in those good days up in the Granite
Hills
Had found the ideal way to live and banished
all its ills,
For the temperance folk had all the law that any
one could choose,
While the natives unregenerate had all they
wished of booze;
And you may bet Bill Butrick was takin' nary a
chance
When he bought the inn at Swanzey and sur-
veyed this circumstance.

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The snow lay deep before his door, ere Bill had
settled down
And entered on the honors of a citizen of the
town;
He was suave among the women and solid with
the men,
But just across the highway was the village
church, and when
He daily saw the parson driving by in pious state,
He felt there still was something he must ne-
gotiate.
Ah, me! 'tis many a year agone I heard him
tell the tale,
But it's just as good as yesterday and never
will grow stale.

One sunny, wintry mornin' Bill was trudgin' up
the road,

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When the parson's sleigh plunged 'round the
bend with no more of a load
Than the reverend gent himself, a-tuggin' at the
lines,
While the horse, fresh clipped for winter, was
cuttin' monkey shines. 3152
"This here is where I play a hand," says Bill, but
said no more,
As the parson's nag was rearin' up as ne'er he'd
reared before.
A dash across a snowdrift, an arm shot through
the air,
And the ministerial animal was in Bill Butrick's
care.
"God bless you, Brother Butrick," the frightened
pastor gasped,
As William's mighty fingers the bit and bridle
clasped;

Digitized by Google

"You came within the nick of time, a providential guide,
And, now the beast is quieted, won't you jump in and ride?"

Would Bill jump in and ride? Well, will a porpoise swim?
Will a patriot take the money when the pot belongs to him?
So it befell that presently the two sat side by side,
Bill's face expandin' in a smile no man could tell how wide;
And, as the parson seemed to be in meditation lost,
Bill diplomatically asked what a pew in church would cost.
"Ten dollars a year? No more than that? I'll give it twice!" he yelled,

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While both at once his ribbons and his breath the parson held.
"I'm not a man," Old Bill went on, "of super-abundant wealth,
And I haven't come to Swanzey entirely for my health;
But, darn my skin, I'm one of them that knows a thing or two
And understand Religion has a heap of work to do!
"But" — growing confidential — "I'm not much on the pray,
Although my wife and daughter — why they're nat'ally built that way!
I want the women folks to roost right on the pearly gate,
And, if the pew rent's modest, there's the contribution plate!

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There ain't no mean streak any man has ever
found in me,
And, long as parsons has to eat, Salvation can't
be free!"

So Bill kept pounding all the way — 'twas like
a gatling gun —
And when they reached the tavern door he had
the parson won.
"An uncouth man," he argued, "but meaning
well, I'm sure, —
Heav'n knows the times are hard enough and the
congregation poor."
Bill clambered out, the two shook hands, the
steed again was gone;
The parson waved his hand while Bill be-
nignantly looked on.
"Remember," was his parting shot, as the sleigh
began to lurch,

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How Butrick Hired the Pew

"I want the Amen Corner *and the best damned pew in church!*"

I assume that still in Swanzey some pastor fights with sin,
And some open-hearted landlord still keeps the village inn;
But there ne'er will be another like Bill Butrick in that town,
Nor a parson so discerning to write his pew rent down.

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Lincoln

DARK were the clouds that hovered over thee,
Dear land, deep the encircling gloom,
Blasted the fate of blood-bought Liberty,
Wide yawned the nation's waiting tomb;
When from the West, whither thy fortune ran,
Up from the woods and plains God raised a Man.

The wild bird takes its long, unerring flight,
By what strange guidance none shall say;
Stars in their endless courses ride the Night,
Sunbeams unfold the curtained Day;
Waves of the ocean find the distant shore,
Winds of the trackless air blow evermore.

No inspiration, faith or prophecy
The ways of Providence reveals;

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Lincoln

No miracle from Life's deep mystery
  Its dearly treasured secret steals:
Who holds it in the hollow of His hand,
He, only He, can see and understand.

Spirit of Lincoln, giv'n a while to men,
  To teach and save, thy mission o'er,
His voice it was that called thee once again,
  And softly through the open door
Of starry ways, miraculous, led on—
And nations bowed their heads when thou wert
    gone.

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In the Cemetery at Norwich

IN ev'ry soul there is a tender strain
That wakes and echoes, when the hand of Time
Draws from the heart a mild and sweet refrain
That rises from some memory sublime.

So have I felt, when drawn by pensive thought
My footsteps bore me from the hillside down,
Midst massive rocks that years have never wrought
A change in, to the graveyard of the town,

That quaint and ancient village of the hills,
Where my forefathers, wandering, first took heed

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In the Cemetery at Norwich

It was a lovely spot, free from the ills
  That they had fled—a place of rest, indeed.

For these were men of such heroic mould
  As feared no outward danger, shunned no toil;
The liberty of conscience more than gold
  They strove to find on new and untried soil.

What was to them the forest's loneliness,
  If thought were free and persecution past;
If tyranny ceased longer to oppress,
  And life endured with honor to the last?

To seek the truth where they thought most to find;
  To worship God as they conceived it best,
And teach the priceless lesson to mankind,
  Was all the simple mission of their quest.

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In the Cemetery at Norwich

The trackless plain should know the reaper's
blade,
The hard rock yield its wealth of treasured
store,
And boundless woodland's dark, forbidding shade
Should hide the bosom of the earth no more.

The startled breeze that bore the warrior's cry,
And bound the ears that heard it with a spell,
Should serve instead with each delicious sigh
The tranquil victories of peace to tell.

The spot that marked the wild beast's hidden lair
Should blossom as a garden decked with
flow'rs,
Where mothers' eyes might note with tender care
The happy flight of children's playful hours.

With such a purpose these bold pioneers
Braved all that evil Fortune might ordain;

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Too noble to retreat, too stern for tears,
They never learned to falter or complain.

How well their work was done the years' swift flight
Hath proven unto us who follow them;
How well they labored in the cause of Right,
And gave to Freedom's crown its brightest gem.

No eulogy can add unto their fame,
Nor praise their simple merit magnify;
In death they leave no heritage of shame,
But rather teach us how to live and die.

Thus here they share at last the common lot
Of all who earn from earthly cares release;
Their happiness within this grassy plot
To know the rest of everlasting peace.

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In the Cemetery at Norwich

O God inscrutable, if Thou didst speak
  And call them from this city of the dead,
In mercy send their spirits to the weak,
  Who need by their example to be led.

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"How Much Do I Love You?"

"HOW much do I love you?" "Stacks?"
"Whole heaps?"
You tease of loving, shall I tell?
If my poor heart the problem keeps
'Twill solve it quickly, solve it well;
And thus forever we shall know
Whether I love you thus or so,
As you would have me love, my sweet,
With tenderness and ardor meet—
As you would have me love.

How much do I love you? Count the sands
And measure the good Earth's wealth of gold;
Cull all the flowers of all the lands
Where Love's sweet story was ever told:
And then forever we shall know
Whether I love you thus or so,

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As you would have me love, my own,
Were we in the wide world all alone—
As you would have me love.

Measure the shaft of the sun's swift ray,
Pursue the crest of the ocean's wave;
Call back each moment of ev'ry day
Wherein Love proved his power to save;
And then forever we shall know
Whether I love you thus or so,
As you would have me, little one,
Though chill the gloom or warm the sun—
As you would have me love.

Follow the wild bird's trackless flight,
Summon the dead from the green hillside;
Turn dawn to gloaming, day to night.
Or stay the flood of the rising tide:

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And then forever we shall know
Whether I love you thus or so,
With constancy of love, dear heart,
In all our lives the better part,
As you would have me love.

Far in the Infinite this love,
Heir of Eternity, had birth;
And naught beneath, around, above,
'Twixt Life and Death, or Heav'n and Earth,
Can tell us what you seek to know,
Whether I love you thus or so,
Save 'tis as you would have me, sweet,
With tenderness and ardor meet—
As you would have me love.

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To An Old Valentine

DEAR LIZZIE, long years of a heart's admiration
Have left it as young in its faith as of old.
So be it, I dare to invite commendation
Of a story still new, though eternally told—
To-wit: To woo
Is proof that I am true;
I surely know I think it so—
Do you?

Dear Lizzie, the flowers we gathered in youth,
Though drooping, retain the sweet fragrance of yore;
And some that were buds have unfolded, forsooth,
With a message now dearer than ever before—

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To-wit: To woo
Still tells that I am true;
I surely know I think it so—
Do you?

Dear Lizzie, 'tis wit that makes suitable wooing—
To-wit: Of the kind so distinctively thine,
In the absence of which would occur my undoing
And ruin the import of this Valentine—
To-wit: To woo
Is best for me and you;
I surely know I think it so—
Don't you?

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The Prayer of the Seeker

LORD, Thou art merciful—be Thou my guide;
Teach me, like Noah, to walk by Thy side.
The pathway about me is dark with the night—
Set Thou before me Thy pillar of light;
Though dust turn to dust, my faith and my trust
Shall conquer, if Thou lead my footsteps aright.

Mine is the weakness and Thine is the pow'r—
Give me Thy counsel in each troubled hour;
On infinite mercy I gladly rely—
Let not Thy Spirit, unmoved, pass me by;
From Doubt grant release, and send, Lord, Thy peace
To even a creature unworthy as I.

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The Prayer of the Seeker

Thou knowest my needs—supply them, I pray;
Strengthen my faith, my dark fears allay;
Show me Thy Fatherhood, help me to feel
That Thou hast provided for ev'ry appeal,
So my soul shall proclaim the wonderful Name
That, breathed unto Heaven, is mighty to heal!

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"Playing Bear"

SCUFFLE, a growl, a childish cry,
A clatter of feet on the stair,
And three little forms go whisking by —
That means that papa is "playing bear!"
Helter, skelter and down they come
In a heap on the parlor floor —
Lord help the neighbors, if any are glum
Because "children are always a bore!"

Around and around each figure flees,
Exploding with shrieks of mirth,
As if a big man on hands and knees
Were the funniest thing on earth.
A pause for breath, and then a yawl,
Disclosing his frightful teeth,

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That surely proves to the minds of all
That Bruin is on his native heath.

There's six-year-old, who runs and hides,
A little worn 'twixt sport and fear;
It's fun, of course, yet she decides
That even *this* bear can come too near.
There's five-year-old — a strapping lad —
Despite the attack, is undismayed,
Proclaims the bear's behavior bad,
But still affirms *he's* not afraid;

While three-year-old gives up the fray
With looks of something nigh to grief:
At "playing bear" she's had her day —
It's just as well to make it brief.
A sudden hushing of the noise,
Some words to calm excited fears,

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While the bear regains his equipoise
And kisses take the place of tears.

Ah, me! so it is with my three own,
As it should be everywhere,
When older folk forget they're grown
And happy children still "play bear."
To be, to bear — 'tis all our weal,
And "playing bear" is a part.
Who as a child again can feel
Shall be never a bear at heart!

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Under Which God?

A Mexican Fancy

FAIR was the scene the tropic plain
Presented to the hosts of Spain,
When on their startled vision rolled,
In hues of amber and of gold,
The Aztec fields of waiving maize,
Touched by the purple in the haze,
Which, far as human eye could scan,
Bore down beyond Tenochtitlan
Upon the everlasting snow
That crowned the crests of Mexico.
Between, the city and her towers,
Her pyramids and leafy bowers,
Her broad canals, like silver thread
Weaved in a woof of green and red,
And at her feet with ceaseless break,
The waters of Tezcuco's lake.

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With greedy eyes the motley band
Drank in the beauty of the land —
A princely realm, indeed, to bring
To Romish pope or Spanish king!

So came they with a double view,
Out of the old world into the new,
Far from the loved Castilian shore
Many an one should see no more.
Stranger mission had never been —
Hosts of piety and of sin,
Drawn from the cloister and the camp,
The hooded monk and armored scamp —
The victim of the robber knight
The priest should make a proselyte.
Come tempest, cold, starvation, flood,
Though streams should swell with human blood,
Though plains should tremble, cities fall
And Madness mock at Mercy's call;

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Though sword should cleave and fire consume,
Though desert waste blot out the bloom
Of fairest lands beneath the sun —
Fit carnival for the Infernal One —
The Church should have the holy gain
And all the gold belong to Spain!

"Believe or die!" the edict fell
Upon the half-dazed infidel,
Who to the loss of gods and home
Must add his bondage unto Rome.
So came they, with a curse and prayer
To utter none but they would dare;
By pious faith and avarice spurred,
To massacre and spread the Word;
To tear the heathen altars down,
To steal the heathen Emperor's crown,
To count no human life a loss
Beyond the shadow of the Cross;

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To name the hours an ill-spent day
Wherein they failed to save or slay!

To prove an object so benign
What more could be a fitting sign
Than that the King himself should kneel,
A captive to their Christian zeal?
And so in Montezuma's ear
The missionary-cavalier,
Cortez, poured all his ardent heart,
With equal show of faith and art;
And what he failed to represent
The priest put in the argument.

"Abjure thy gods, O mighty King,
"Else from their temples we shall fling
"Thy horrid idols in the dust!
"Lo, in thy hands this sacred trust

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Under Which God?

"We place: That thou shalt lead the way
"For all thy people, in the day
"Thy pledge we take forevermore
"Unto the One whom we adore.
"Steeped in the blood of thine own kin,
"Thy deities are foul with sin;
"Their music is the awful cries
"Of victims of the sacrifice,
"And for each gory heathen rite
"They send thee only death and blight.
"For these we give thee life and hope —
"In darkness nevermore to grope —
"For thy gods, our God — mystery
"Of blessed Holy Trinity;
"The Father since the world began —
"Creator, yet the son, of Man!
"His law is love, his service peace,
"Wherein the soul finds sweet release

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"From all the fetters of the mind
"Forged by the gods that make thee blind;
"And by this sign thou mayest know
"How we, his people, love him so:
"That, as ye would receive from me
"So shall I render unto thee.
"If thou but turnest to repent,
"Behold the holy sacrament!
"Thy well-deserved and rich reward
"All that the earth can e'er afford;
"Honors and glory, wealth, renown,
"The sceptre and the royal crown,
"And generations yet to bless
"Thee, source of all their happiness.
"Refuse, and better for this land
"That ev'ry native's treacherous hand
"Should stretch forth for the priestly knife
"To turn on thee; and thy poor life

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"Be last to slake the altar's thirst,
"Since thou and thine come so accurst.
"God over all gods be thy guide —
"Under which one wilt thou abide?"

So spake Cortez. And those who heard
Quaked for the monarch's answering word;
Beheld him, sore perplexed but proud,
And marked upon his brow a cloud,
Which, fall'n on such a king as he,
Betrayed his dire extremity.
But whether — token of his pride —
It fear, or wrath or pain implied,
The shadow passed to come no more:
The Man again was Emperor.

"I know, Malinche,"* he replied,
"Thou art from God. Not Chance's tide

*A name popularly applied to Cortez by the Indians.

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"Nor idle whim of luckless Fate,
"That might on lesser fortunes wait,
"Hath brought thee to the Aztec shores.
"Straight as the tireless eagle soars
"O'er mountain, flood and lowly dale,
"Braving the face of icy gale
"Or floating careless of the sun,
"Thou and thy hosts thy course have run
"From where the deep, mysterious sea
"Gave thee to immortality.
"I know thou art from God — and these,
"Thy followers. The very breeze
"That wafted thee whence none can tell
"Is thine to summon and compel,
"And when fierce passion flames thy soul
"The lightnings flash, the thunders roll.
"I know thou art from God. And yet
"Shall Montezuma's soul forget

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"The gods his ancient fathers knew?
"Shall I be false, while they be true?
"Thou speakest wonders to my heart
"That ne'er before had counterpart.
"Thy law is Love — thus sayest thou —
"But for my love ye take no vow,
"If any tender tie remain
"To call me to my own again,
"When falls the dark and fateful day
"Wherein my people I betray.
"Peace be the service of thy Lord,
"Yet bear ye hither spear and sword
"And all the trappings e'er before
"Have been the sign and seal of war."

The Aztec paused, but not to note
The blanching cheeks his words had smote.
Beseechingly, half-bowed he stood,
More grief than anger in his mood.

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Eyes on his chief in stern appeal,
Hands quick to draw his glist'ning steel,
Each Spaniard blessed his patron saint
And cursed his soldierly constraint.

Again the King: "Born to command,
"I know no master in this land.
"Here are my people — happy, free,
"Daughters and Sons of Destiny.
"Content to know the simple ways
"Of useful toil, their peaceful days
"Pass cloudless 'neath our blessed sun,
"That smileth on each work well done.
"Behold the wonders we have wrought,
"Our priceless treasure, dearly bought,
"Our palaces and homes, our fields
"And all their ample richness yields.
"Here dwelt our fathers, here they died;
"Hence sped their spirits on the tide

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"That mounteth where none may pursue,
"Beyond the far empyrean blue.
"Here are our sacred altars reared
"Unto the God whom we have feared;
"Here are our loves, our hopes, our fate —
"None other comes but comes too late!
"And as for thee and all of thine,
"Make common cause with me and mine;
"Fold thy white wings upon the wave,
"Here make thy home, thy bed, thy grave;
"But nevermore invoke a flame
"To kindle Aztec cheeks with shame!
"Our God, our worship is our own —
"The stranger's, his, and his alone.
"Thus peace and mercy unto thee —
"My throne, my people — God — for me!"

Zeal of conscience, greed of gain,
What error at thy door has lain:

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How the good Earth has writhed and groaned
When Bigotry has been enthroned!
What bleeding hearts, what countless tears,
What wounds, what waste in all the years,
For lack of human sympathy,
And saving grace of charity!
As Passion and Religion go,
So it befell in Mexico,
While Spain, bold in her proudest age,
Gave history its darkest page.
So came the tempest and the flood,
So streams ran red with human blood;
Though plains should tremble, cities fall
And Madness mock at Mercy's call,
What if sword cleave and fire consume,
What if the desert steal the bloom
Of fairest lands beneath the sun —
Fit carnival for the Infernal One!—

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The Church received the holy gain,
And all the gold belonged to Spain!

Under which God? Seek ye the ways
Of kindness, and the evil days
Come not — not even to the shrine
Of him whose faith is not as thine.

Digitized by Google

The Baby's Trunk

HERE'S the trunk for the baby's trip
around the world and back,
Locked with locks, stayed with stays,
ready to toss on the hack;
By land and sea, by airship line or fleeting automobile
'Tis a gay little trunk and full of spunk, and sound and true and real.
A hinge to lift the lid high up and slam it down again,
Two parts within for mysteries not understood by men;
A little blue skirt to keep the cold from dainty limbs away,
A little watch with a silver chain to tell the time of day;

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The Baby's Trunk

A little cap with ribbon strings to tie beneath
the chin —
My soul! when baby packs her trunk what things
she does put in!

A little 'kerchief to dry her eyes — perhaps to
blow her nose —
Some perfumed drops to bring to mind the frag-
rance of the rose;
A little book to make a note of ev'ry clime and
town,
And a pencil with a rubber tip to write the facts
all down.
For nether ends to hold the warmth, a pair of
knitted socks,
For t'other end a priceless comb to straighten
out her locks.
Of underwear and overwear a never-ceasing
spread.

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Some names of which are common and others
seldom said;
And, last of all, for her bill of fare, tucked all
else underneath,
Tied with a string of lovely blue is a toothpick
for her teeth!
My soul! when the journey's o'er and it's opened
with a shout,
From her precious trunk what countless things
the baby does take out!

So get your check and catch your train — don't
worry in the least —
The route is with the sunbeam that's rising in
the east.
By land and sea, by airship line or fleeting auto-
mobile
'Tis a gay little trunk and full of spunk, and
sound and true and real.

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God speed its travels — so say I — and bless its
mistress, too;
That is the way, on Christmas Day, I'm sure
He loves to do!

Digitized by Google

Monadnock

GUARD of the valleys, captain of the hills,
Monadnock, hoary-headed cone,
Silent but eloquent, thy grandeur thrills
The living world around thy throne,
Where, mighty in the awe-inspiring state
Of kingship, turnest thou thy gaze
Triumphant to the sun—master of Fate,
Mute sentinel of endless days.

Snow-crowned, clad in verdure of the pine,
Or veiled beneath the lowering cloud,
The majesty of armèd peace is thine,
White be thy robe or dark thy shroud.
Though Earth give welcome to the golden dawn,
Or night winds lull the sleeping fields,
Thy constant watch goes ever on and on,
Thy vigil to no tempter yields.

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Sombre thy visage, mirrored in the lake
Whose bosom heaves for love of thee;
Chill the reply the gentle breezes take,
That bring fond tidings from the sea;
Crimson the blush of eve'ning's roseate skies,
Since thou no tender mood betray;
Sadly the longing summer grieves and dies
For one response in one sweet day.

Yet, like the self-contained, impassive soul,
That, silent, loves for good or ill,
As pearls lie hid where deepest waters roll,
Grim mountain, thou art faithful still;
And though fair Nature wooes thee all in vain
And thou would'st have her think thee cold,
Her frailest flowers safe in thy breast have lain,
Bedewed with tears, from days of old.

Digitized by Google

One Year

YEAR? So long? How swift its passing seems,
Like some winged spirit flitting on before—
Gone, as the memories of delightful dreams,
Come nevermore!
Save, precious one, th' unfolding of thy grace,
The music of a voice that rings so true—
Thy look demure, thy gentle upturned face,
Say, "I love you!"

The rarest gem and sweetest-scented flow'r
Most beautiful in isolation seem;
The lonely star that beams at midnight hour
Hath brightest gleam.
So was the year thou camest rare, indeed;

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One Year

The parched earth never longed more for the dew
Than Love for thee; 'tis faith enough and creed,
That I love you!

Dear year, dear year! fair oasis of days,
Drear were the desert of my lonely lot,
And darkened hours would mock the sunniest rays,
Had'st thou come not.
And thou, sweet one, whose presence tempers pain
And lights the beacon of my life anew,
Come hither, take my hand and learn again
How I love you!

Digitized by Google

Boaz to Ruth

I WOULD not ask whate'er thou would'st not give,
I would not seek save what thou bad'st me find;
I would not live but for thy sake to live,
Whatever lured me and thou still were kind.

I would not knock, but thou were at the door,
I would not give, but that thou did'st receive;
I would not trust, but that thou trusteth more,
I would not promise, save thou should'st believe.

I would not hope, but as thou say'st, "Hope on!"
I would not muse, were musing not of thee;
I would not gem with stars my horizon,
Save thou were brightest of the galaxy.

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I would not be a king, but on my throne
Thou reignest queen of all my heart's estate;
I would not be a slave, save thine alone,
To yield to thee my service and my fate.

I would not pray, but by thy altar's light,
To share the grace God gave thee from above;
For me no task by day, no dream by night,
But tells the blessed story of our love.

Digitized by Google

To a Sleeping Child

WHAT fancies of thy tireless brain
Chase one another in thy sleep,
And, fleeing fast, return again,
As shadows on the fitful deep
Pursue the wave and brave its crest—
Then disappear in Ocean's breast?
What phantoms seem
To haunt thy dream
And rob thee of thy perfect rest?

And now what happy little sprite
Makes thee to smile so peacefully,
As if the Angel of the Night
Had set thy childish troubles free?
What fairy's kiss from off thy brow
Effaced that tiny frown just now?

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To a Sleeping Child

Do spirits keep
Watch o'er thy sleep
As pure, as innocent as thou?

Art dreaming of the wakeful day,
Its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears?
The sunlight and the birds' sweet lay —
The shadows, disappointments, tears?
Dost know in far-off Slumberland
The love-pat of thy father's hand,
Or hear once more,
As oft of yore,
Thy mother's voice, and understand?

Or is thy soul from earthly ties
Free as the stars that gem the night,
Watching Elysian glories rise
In some far Eden of delight?

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If so thou gatherest flowers there,
Thou art thyself the one most fair.
Yet all alone
Wouldst thou be gone,
And I not near, thy joy to share?

There is a veil that God hath drawn
Across the parting of our ways,
That none may lay his hand upon,
Its folds to put aside or raise,
Save Sleep or Death his guardian be.
I would in either that with thee,
Dear little heart,
I might depart,
To bear thee loving company.

Digitized by Google

The Gain of Living

THINK not that in one life's completed span
There is less joy than sorrow; were it so
Then all that live were underneath the ban
Of that mysterious shadow, which doth throw
A strange, odd darkness over all below
That in Love's portion longeth for no share;
For, since existence takes its peaceful flow
From rising in the Infinite, the heir
Of such divinity must fitly bear
The imprint of his Maker's blessedness.
Thus ev'ry soul is born not to despair,
But hath its meed of pleasure, more or less;
And though its earthly flight be high or low,
It hath more cheer than grief, more joy than woe.

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To a Bride

CLOUDLESS skies of tranquil days,
Ties of kindred, faith of friends;
No sun obscured, no darkened rays,
But all that true love comprehends;
This be the portion of the day
That gives so fair a bride away!

Morning's calm: The magic dawn
Of youth's sweet promise, rosy-hued;
Hope, winged and girded, leadeth on,
Inspiring in her eager mood.
Behold, the vales of living green
Await the coming of their Queen!

High Noon: The toilers are a-field;
Triumphant Love, his day full-blown,

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Stands boldly forth with sword and shield
  And claims Creation for his own.
Eyes gaze in other eyes and see
Sweet depths of tender loyalty.

Sunset: A single star's faint glow,
Night waits beyond the crimsoned hill;
But Love, dear Love, he will not go—
  His constancy abideth still:
For there is one at Eventide,
Despite the years, is still a bride.

Tranquil days with cloudless skies,
  Ties of kindred, faith of friends;
No broken vows, no tearful eyes,
  But all that true love comprehends:
For all the years thus be the day
That gives so fair a bride away!

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Art Against Nature

WHEN some great painter a grand work essays,
Puts brush to canvas in a lofty theme
Of clouds or sky or sunlight's piercing rays,
The world must pause to note each golden gleam
And sing the artist's everlasting praise.

Each touch of art that makes the picture true,
Each line that shows the present master hand,
Each fleeting cloud hard striving to subdue
The glancing shafts of light shot o'er the land;
Each color blending with the azure blue,—

Each mark of genius — is proclaimed to mean
A thought that life from inspiration draws.

Digitized by Google

Art Against Nature

The critics haste to criticism keen,
  And wonder and exclaim, because
A *man* hath pictured forth so fair a scene.

But when th' eternal God in outlines pure
  Reveals the dome of Heaven overhead,
To charm the soul, the senses to allure,
  Man, only to the artificial bred,
What he might well adore will scarce endure.

So often the best things in life we see
  Hardly to remark, almost to ignore;
The gifts least loved are those God makes most free,
  And bounteous Nature, yielding up her store
Receives the thanks of heartless apathy.

Digitized by Google

To A——

A Fragment

THY mind and mine have followed in the course
Of pure and holy love, that takes its way
Over all obstacles that interpose
To block the path of passions less divine.
In sorrow I have loved thee, and thou me;
In joy and gladness, too, we were as one,
When passing clouds obscured the happy sky,
Or, shifting, did disclose the burning sun.
As in the firmament the peaceful stars
Give forth the radiant light of Heaven
Like looks from angels' eyes; as thro, the wood
The constant stream winds heedless of its course,
So hath our love been — infinite in change,

Digitized by Google

To A——

Like fleeting seasons' rounds, but always blest.
Through all the strange vicissitudes of life
I ne'er have loved thee but with all my heart;
With all my strength and mind, with all my soul:
So do I love thee still, and ever shall —
Forever and forever.

Digitized by Google

Hush, Bye Bye

HUSH, bye bye, shut your eye,
Go to sleep, little baby;
When you wake you shall have
coachie, coachie,
Coach and six, coach and six little ponies,
Two browns, two bays, two dappled grays,
To take the baby riding!"

Songs of the cradle lull the world to sleep —
Cradle songs, soft on the billowy deep —

"Hush, bye bye, shut your eye"—

Of the boundless ocean that men call Life,
Stilling its storm and staying its strife —

"Go to sleep, little baby,"—

Digitized by Google

Though the lone journey be weary and long,
Who shall not rest with the cradle's song? —

"When you wake you shall have"—

Songs of the cradle from lips that are stilled
God in His infinite wisdom has willed —

"Coach and six little ponies" —

Has willed them to live in His kingdom again —
Cradle songs of the children of men.

"Two browns, two bays, two dappled grays"—

Far be the haven or bleak be the shore,
Songs of the cradle shall cease nevermore.—

"To take the baby riding" —

Though the lone journey be weary and long,
Who shall not rest with the cradle's song?

Digitized by Google

Hush, Bye Bye

"Hush, bye bye, shut your eye,
Go to sleep, little baby;
When you wake you shall have coachie, coachie,
Coach and six, coach and six little ponies,
Two browns, two bays, two dappled grays,
To take the baby riding!"

Digitized by Google

The Son of Man

WELL nigh two thousand years ago,
In Heaven's diadem,
Shone o'er Judea, lying low,
The Star of Bethlehem;
And in the glistening firmament
It flashed, the fairest gem.

Where fell its warmest, purest ray
The Wise Men came and knelt,
And while they prayed the touch of Day
The fields and hilltops felt.
Earth knew her Lord, in whom alone
Grace, Love and Mercy dwelt.

So runs the tale. Its every word
The nations long have known.

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In chants and hymns and anthems heard
  It spread from zone to zone
And spoke alike by peasant's cot
  And sovereign's august throne.

The winds that sighed o'er Nazareth
  And breathed on Gallilee,
That soothed the hour of coming death
  In drear Gethsemane
To millions yet unborn proclaimed
  The Lamb of Calvary.

Scribes wrote him down the Prince of Peace
  And nations hailed him Lord,
Who gave from earthly cares release
  None other might afford.
So him who asked but to be loved
  They worshiped and adored.

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He wrought for human brotherhood —
  They did but misconceive;
He taught men only to be good —
  They forced men to believe,
And through his artless speech they sought
  A mystery to weave.

A thousand legends oft retold
  Of miracles and signs
Gave Superstition iron hold
  Upon Religion's shrines,
As grafted to the sturdy oak,
  Cling close the poison vines.

About his gentle life they wove
  A net of cruel creeds;
Fear, narrowness and fancy strove
  To meet immortal needs,

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And as they planted ignorance
So multiplied the seeds.

But there is that which God hath made
That Man cannot undo;
He cannot bid the sunshine fade,
Nor mar the rainbow's hue;
He cannot stay the silent flight
That unknown worlds pursue.

No more can he make more divine
Nor less pure and serene
The soul that looked from eyes benign
That smiled on Palestine,
When Jesus walked before his God—
The humble Nazarene.

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To G. G. R.

WHEN memory lightens the effort of thinking,
And prompts one's austerity so to unbend
That a glass of good wine is worthy the drinking,
'Tis sweetest to drink to the health of a friend.

So, Ruggles, let never the bowl be forbidden
That promises closer our friendship to knit;
'Twere rarest of vintage if in it were hidden
A taste of thy humor or spark of thy wit.

If asked once of thee, Is life worth the living?
The need for an answer could hardly appear;
'Tis found in the fact of thy constantly giving
Some pleasure to others who know thy good cheer.

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For knowing, 'tis written, is surely believing,
And what better knowledge, indeed, can there be
Than that given those who have long been receiving
The proofs of the manhood that dominates thee?

Like the stream that thou lovest descending the mountain,
Refreshing the fields in its fall from on high,
Thy life and its sunshine is drawn from a fountain
As clear as the light it reflects from the sky.

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McKinley

GIVE me thy strong right hand, O Death—
Thy strong right hand.
With pulsing heart and quickening breath
Thy dumb command
I note. Where fields celestial are
I see thy citadel afar,
And, just beyond, the evening star —
I understand!

Show me the darkened way — His way.
The glass is run,
And with its hour now yields the day
So sweetly won!
Not ours to name the time or place,
But God's — God's endless love and grace;

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And thus I meet him face to face —
His will be done!

So kindly Death, with tender care,
The patient soul
Led on. Soft fell the morning air
Across the shoal,
Far from the sound of tolling bells,
Where Spiritland its glory tells,
And tides make music of the swells
Life's waters roll;

Till, presently, the morn, — the bright
Eternal morn,
Where, cradled in the Infinite,
God's love was born;
And Faith and Hope their vigils keep,
Nor pain for them that wake or sleep,

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Nor sorrow more for them that weep
Or them forlorn.

'Twas thus McKinley found the way —
The narrow one —
And smiled upon the dying day
At setting sun.
Not ours to name the time or place,
But God's — God's endless love and grace.
And so he met Him face to face —
His will be done!

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Why Santa Claus Cried

THERE'S a queer little story I scarce understand.
It comes from the region of Goodfairy-land;
For its hero is one whom you know very well,
But I doubt that you ever heard any one tell
This curious yarn — bless his innocent soul! —
Showing Santa Claus in a most singular role.
You have heard of his goodness, his gifts and his jokes,
As, when we were younger, heard we older folks;
But here is related how, one Christmastide,
Instead of rejoicing, poor Santa Claus cried!
All because of a little one like unto you,
Who never imagined what Santa would do,
And was quite unprepared for tears and a kiss.
(When confided to me the tale was like this:)

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Why Santa Claus Cried

The jolly old man had reined up his deer
Just before a small cottage, whose inmates, I fear,
Had ever been strangers to all the good things
That his visit to earth ordinarily brings.
For the children within hardly knew what it meant
To have Christmas at all, but had to content
Their sad little eyes with peeps on the sly
At the beautiful gifts they never could buy.
But yet they dared hope that St. Nick on his tour
Would not overlook them, although they were poor.

Their faith was well grounded; for on the same night
When this story begins, he was seen to alight
On the topmost roof of their lowly abode.
Then, chuckling a bit, to the chimney he strode.

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Down its dark entrance he cleverly crept
Into the room where the little ones slept.

The stockings were filled with the choicest of toys
And candy and sweets for girls and for boys.
Then he turned to remount, but paused on his way
To glance at a cot in the corner, where lay
A scared little girl, who — what do you think?—
With wide-open eyes had slept not a wink!
She dared not to move, lest Santa should know,
Yet hardly could tell what made her feel so;
But e'er she could wonder what next would betide,
Lo! Santa Claus stood at the bed by her side.

He stooped o'er the little one, frail and so meek,
And pressed a light kiss on her pale, tiny cheek.

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He was gone in an instant, again on his flight,
And the sound of his bells rang clear on the night;
But something he left he never has missed,
On the gentle young face he had tenderly kissed.
What was it? The little one, trembling with fear,
Raised her hand to her cheek, and found there — a tear!

Then she thought to herself, "Why does Santa Claus cry?
"Has somebody scolded him? Surely, not I!"
But with all of her guessing she ne'er could find out
What Santa Claus' crying was ever about;
Till one day — the thought must have come from above —
"I know why he cried," whispered she, *"it was love!"*

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The Mystery

DEAR God, Thou knowest how she came to me,
Thy tidings in her tender care;
Thou knowest how Thou destined it to be,
That she should come — so pure, so fair!
What messenger of grace was e'er so sweet,
What needy one so poor as I?
Lo, at Thy word she came, and at her feet
I learned of Thee my destiny.

With what compassion of her gentle eyes
She gazed on me, Thou knowest, Lord;
How tenderly she spoke and bade me rise,
And how I trembled at her word;
How as a rescued soul before its shrine
I blessed her hand, her brow, her hair —

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Thou knowest all, dear God; the grace was Thine,
For Thou it was who sent her there.

Thou knowest how her spirit leadeth me
And how I follow on; by day
Joint heirs of Thy divinity,
By night pursuing still Thy way.
Or if we rest where cooling shadows fall,
Or, heedless, court the noon-day sun,
Thou knowest still I hold her all in all —
She whom Thou gavest — precious one!

Behold, dear God, this mystery divine
I fathom not. By what blest fate
Thy Providence makes such sweet glory mine
Is not for me to contemplate.
I can but wonder at Thy graciousness —
So dear a gift for my unworthy lot —
This mystery of mysteries I bless,
And pray it shall forsake me not!

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The Editor

THE editor sat in his easy chair
Because the world's destiny kept him there.
His salary, also,— if you ask—
Assisted in nailing him down to his task,
But the principal thing that set the pace
For his genius was the good of the race.
He said it himself, and that made it so,
For he, if anyone, ought to know!

It wasn't so easy a chair at that,
Nor the salary mentioned overfat;
But these conditions were incident to
The essential work he had to do —
Not fundamental, original facts,
To warp his mind or shape his acts;

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Mere trifles, light as the winds that blow,
Compared with the things he had to know.

No odds to him what interests came
Beneath his view — it was all the same.
Religion, science, art, education,
A dog fight or the fate of the nation,
Wake or wedding, peace or war, schemes to fix
In realms of business or politics,
Law or larceny, sweetness or gall —
The editor man he knew it all!

The world would have thought it wondrous strange,
If ever a task had passed his range;
And he himself had a sneaking notion
That his brain had struck perpetual motion,
Which, turned into his industrious pen,
Made life worth living for his fellow-men,

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Affording a glimpse to them here below
Of the things an editor has to know.

The government waited on his advice,
Delivered free, without money or price;
Vast armies marched and great navies sailed
On receipt of his paper, properly mailed,
And if the pound-master caught the wrong cow,
The editor told him when, where and how.
There was no hesitation — thus and so
It was with the man who had to know.

He could tell of deep plots before they began,
How to raise hair on a bald-headed man,
Whom to elect to places of trust,
What bank was solid and what sure to bust;
When to get married and when to repent,
And how to save money, although it was spent.

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No wonder he had the wide world at his call,
For didn't the editor know it all?

So the editor sat in his easy chair,
Since the world's destiny kept him there;
Besides, 'twas his custom to sit and sit,
Because he felt certain that he was "It";
And still he continued to set the pace
Of ev'ry quest for the good of the race,
Faithful to see that it never was slow
On the part of him who had to know.

Alas! some day, without much fuss,
That chair will be vacant, and some other cuss
Will come along and hold it down;
And the editor — well, he won't be in town.
But, mark my words, about that time,
As sure as this is a solemn rhyme,
As sure as the leaves of Autumn fall,
The editor man will know it all.

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Not Mine

I HEARD to-day how over the way
My neighbor sits and grieves,
With soul so worn and heart so torn
For a love that is withered leaves.

I heard to-day how over the way
A child's hand loosed a toy
And took Death's own, who claimed alone
My neighbor's little boy.

And when I heard, the selfish word
Of selfish thought was sign:
"Be glad my heart — not thine the dart —
Thank God he was not mine!"

Not mine, not mine! The sun may shine,
The skies be blue for me;

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Life still is sweet in my retreat
And there, strong-limbed, is he.

O selfish Love, how swift to prove
More human than divine!
Shall I forget? And yet — and yet —
Thank God he was not mine!

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The Author to His Critics

Criticise with impunity,
  Scan with particularity;
Now is your opportunity
  To mitigate the rarity —
So marked in each community —
  Of truly Christian charity!

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The Deserted Homestead

LONELY, forsaken, desolate it stands,
Its sombre outline carved against the sky;
Unbroken solitude envelops all,
Save for the wild bird's shrill, discordant cry,
The bay of hunters' hounds on distant hills,
The music of the winds or noisy flow
Of waters rushing on in pebbly rills.

'Twere sweet, if not so sad, to feel thy spell,
Deserted homestead! The quickening heart
Thy solemn grandeur wakes to solemn things;
Impulsive recollections swiftly dart
Through sympathetic minds, as thy impress
Is sealed upon the memory of those
Who contemplate thy passing loneliness.

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The Deserted Homestead

The rank weed grows in ruthless wantonness
Where once the feet of children pressed the stones;
The hush of Death is on the chamber walls
That echoed long ago their happy tones.
The loathsome spider weaves a silken thread
Across the window, where the pattering rain
Tattoos a gentle requiem for the dead.

The sun that smiled upon thee years ago,
In those long past, almost forgotten days,
Is still the same unchanging visitor;
The same moon's silvery, calm and steadfast rays
Still light the trellis where the grapevines climb;
The same breeze stirs the leaves to gentle sighs
As lulled the meadows in the olden time.

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But those who knew the countless peaceful
charms
That Nature set around thee, all are gone!
The graveyard on the hillside tells the tale
Of how the Earth has claimed them, one by
one;
And the old homestead after all survives,
To mock the years while still it may recall
The simple lessons of their simple lives.

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My Mother's Portrait

FAIR portrait of a fairer face,
Consoler of my saddened mood,
Sweet counterfeit of sweeter grace,
The sign and seal of motherhood;
Kindly thine eyes that gaze on me,
Gentle thy smile, serene thy brow—
Mother, 'tis all I know of thee,
From my low cradle until now!

Behold, the years have slipped away
As sands within the hour-glass fall.
And in no golden, childish day
Knew I thy touch nor heard thy call;
Till, grown at last to man's estate,
To think, to feel, to understand,
Lo, here is all my filial fate—
To hold this portrait in my hand.

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The Bolster Club

I KNOW not how ever the strange fate befell,
What magic turned backward the footsteps of Time—
A yarn quite as true as 'tis shady to tell,
But wondrous if uttered in prose or in rhyme—
Turned backward the years we were destined to meet,
Made children of those who had thought they were men
And showed us a garden, where, fragrant and sweet,
Our youth's early roses were blooming again!

I know not the method, but here is the proof:
The souls that were loyal when childhood was bright

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Are gathered once more beneath one friendly
roof,
The same as of yore, though but just for
to-night!
Who cares for the loss of the intervened space?
Does anyone answer? Then show him the
door!
The silence that follows, the look on each face—
Ah, the roses of youth are blooming once more!

The roses of youth—who shall cast them aside?
Not he who was born to gaze up at the sun,
Sweet flowers of days that no evil betide,
The first in the care of the Infinite One!
The miser may slight them to worship his gold,
The drunkard forget them in praise of his
wine,
But he who is worthy the friendships of old
Will love the first roses on memory's vine.

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Then blest be the fortune of each happy hour
With sweetness distilled from the buds of the Past,
Treasured each leaflet and precious each flow'r—
Who knows but these clusters to-night are the last?
Away with the slander of heads turning gray,
None here has known trouble or sadness or tears;
Life is all pleasure, no work but just play,
And the roses of youth still bloom with the years.

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Three Voices

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Three Voices

REST and sleep, sleep and rest,
Nature is kind to the weary;
Children of Earth, whom she longeth to bless,
Know ye the mood of her deep tenderness?
Rest and sleep, sleep and rest,
Spiritland ne'er shall be dreary.

Sleep and rest, rest and sleep,
Light in the darkness is breaking;
Lo, on the mountains the watch-fires gleam,
Gentle the voices that speak in thy dream.
Sleep and rest, rest and sleep,
Blest be the hours ere waking!

Dream, dream, slumber and dream,
Angels of Truth bending o'er thee;

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Whither the waves of Eternity roll
Dreaming shall open the gates of the soul.
Dream, dream, slumber and dream,
God and His goodness before thee!

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Voice the First

Peace, troubled heart: I am an aged man—
Too old to list to thy complaints or heed
Thy phantasies. My age sits heavy on me
And I oft have wished that I might one day be
A victim of my sickle; but to me
Death never comes.

Yes, I am very old.
My locks, that in the morn of earthly things
Did shame the plumage of the raven's wings,
Are whitened with the touch of Time; my eyes,
Once bright as lustrous gems, are dim with age;
I stroke my beard and falter in my step.

Yet I have seen the strength of empires pass
away;
Have held within this outstretched hand the
power

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To bless or to condemn; to fill with hope
The heart cast down by grief; the arrogance
Of pride and selfishness to blast; the thrones
Of kings to overthrow; the pow'r to deal
To all humanity its weal or woe.
So fallen generations of the race
Paid tribute to the Spirit of the Past!

Of Earth's mysterious gloom, when Chaos reigned
And brooding Night with piercing eye descried
Naught save perpetual darkness in the world,
I knew the infancy. To me the birth
Of mortal life within the universe
Was but the playful time of budding youth.
Thus live I still, caused by that great First Cause—
The One Omnipotent—who at His will
Brought sunlight out of darkness and displayed

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His own divinity to all mankind,
Attuning to the music of the spheres
That tender instrument, God's masterpiece,
The Soul.

The chosen people of the world
Wore out the dreary years of their first light
Beneath my gaze. Their father, Abraham,
In whom the truth divine first had its dawn,
Whose mighty heart beat in the breast of him
Who later on gave Law unto his race,
Sped o'er his earthly course marked and observed.
The passage of the Hebrew host I viewed,
When Moses through the waste of desert land
Led on the people of his God. The walls
Of high Jerusalem had not been reared,
When from the summit of the lofty clouds
The fields of Palestine beneath my feet
Lay basking in the glory of the sun.

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How followed on the footsteps of the Jews
The inundation of the land with blood,
Thou knowest; how, when centuries rolled by,
The love of sacrificial offerings,
So long indulged with hateful rites by priests
Whose superstitions ruled the peevish age,
Brought on a time when naught would satisfy
The lust of blood but that fair Innocence,
Embodied in a sinless Man of Peace,
Should be itself the last great sacrifice!
O thou eternal scribe, who in the Heavens
Dost keep man's record in the Book of Life,
Blot from the compromising page the deed
Of this misguided people and command
That History shall be forever dumb!
O Galilee, whose liquid surface felt
The imprint of the Master's feet, be still;
Nor whisper to the flowers upon thy banks
The fate of Him who walked above thy wave!

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And Calvary, whose firm foundation groaned
Beneath the weight of that uplifted cross,
Whose soil gave to the sacred blood a grave,
Seal thou thy lips, as they did seal his tomb!

Dread ye, indifferent soul, the blight
Of mental ease and Apathy's reward;
But thou immortal, free and resolute,
Behold the meditations of thy dreams
Unfold in ever blest realities!
Time lingers, but its pulsing measurements,
The throbs of human hearts, but for a day
Record the fleeting moments, and are lost.
Nations may fall, and from their crumbled dust
A hundred more may rise to power again;
But they and Man, frail creatures of an hour,
Must share the dissolution of all things.
Yet in the Heavenly volume of the saints
These poor events are but the paragraphs

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That make the chapters in the Book of Life.
What would'st thou save from out the wreck of
Earth?
Of all the good that in thy heart doth dwell
What would'st thou have in Heav'n made
infinite?
Ambition? 'Tis a shining vanity
That lures thee, then enchains thee, then deludes.
Knowledge? Pause and compare thy boasted
lore
With the great Mind that rules the universe.
Wealth, power, beauty? How Infinity
Mocks the poor honors of vain-glorious clay!
But Love? Take Love, the sure, the holy key,
Wherewith thou may'st unlock th' eternal gates!

This is God's greatest boon to man—to love,
Whether it be on Earth with human rites
Or in the life whereto this leadeth on.

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The benediction of the years abides
With thee: Be thine the grace that conquers all,
And to the joys of immortality
The angels, waiting, shall receive thy soul!

* * *

Into the dark and boundless night
The phantom spirit fled.
I heard the rustle of his robes
Like the night-wind overhead,
And the solemn cadence of his voice
Seemed from the buried dead.

Alone in the falling darkness,
Alone—my soul and I!
Each dared not meet the other's glance,
Each dared not live or die,
While quaking at the very breeze
That gently passed us by.

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Three Voices

How deep the silence of the hour,
  How long the shadows grew!
How ev'ry prayer that from the heart
  Was breathed to God anew
Bore up its load of hope and fear
  As Heavenward it flew!

A pause: Oblivion and Death?
  Nay, arbiter of dreams!
Sleep, still, and rest; rest, still, and sleep,
  While yet the watch-fire gleams.
The voice of one who draweth near—
  How sweet, how true it seems!

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Voice the Second

I am the spirit of the Present. Hear
My words, for I shall never reappear
To give thee counsel. What I now may say,
Preserve and act upon until that day
When ev'ry soul shall its transgression own
And reap the harvest as the seed is sown.

To live is to exist for better things,
Since Death, the transient visitor, but brings
The spirit out of darkness into light,
Adds glory to the day, dispels the night,
Rebukes all that is evil and makes free
The blessedness of immortality.
Yet doth thy share in future bliss depend
Upon the motives that do shape thy end.
Fulfilment of thy duty here below
Must be the test wherein thou art to show

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Thy fitness for the future state. For thee
The spirit life is but a destiny.
Choice of a certain place whereto mankind
Must come at last, is not of human mind.
The narrow confines thou hast long been taught
Do separate the dead who cheaply bought
Salvation from such other sons of Earth
As in the flesh ne'er tested virtue's worth,
Exist in superstitious thought alone —
To Reason false, to Justice quite unknown!
Hence thou art not of Heav'n or Hell at will;
The question with thy soul is, Wilt thou fill
The spirit with the love that doth beget
Eternal peace, or with a vain regret
That, where thou dost surround a lesser sphere,
Thou might'st have known a ten-fold greater? Here
Is the choice, which to make thy soul compel.
No bondage holds thee for a seat in Hell,

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For God thy free decision doth await—
Wilt make thy future compass small or great?
The Past is buried deep within the tomb
Around whose walls th' impenetrable gloom
Hath gathered like an everlasting night.
No welcome beam, no ray of Heav'nly light
Illumes the path that leads through endless ways
Back to Creation and the world's first days.
Deeds done and motives framed and thoughts conceived,
And all the wiles wherewith thou hast deceived
Thy dormant conscience, to achieve its fall,
Breed consequences thou canst not forestall.
Repentance, in itself, availeth naught,
Save as it lifts the soul by holy thought
Up and beyond Earth's base and trifling things
And plumes the spirit with an angel's wings.
Hard though it be, and bitter like the draught
That on the Mount of Suffering was quaffed;

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And agonizing as the lot of those
Whom many pious men would fain suppose
Are tortured with eternal life in Hell—
Doomed to be damned forever where they dwell—
Hard though it be, thy mind must meditate
Upon this meaning phrase: To expiate.
In the nature of the Heavenly plan
Provision is not made for sinning Man
To dodge between God's justice and His love;
The Law, conceived in perfect truth above—
Itself all that is merciful and just,
Eternal, omnipotent and august—
Is the sole criterion of thy deeds,
Administers to thy actual needs,
Provides for living purpose and a cause—
In Heaven and on Earth the Law of laws!
Since then the law, though merciful, is strict;
Though granting much doth never once conflict
With the great mind that made it to the end

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That none might e'er evade it, none might bend
Its tendency and pose a saint redeemed,
When posing so he once again blasphemed
Against all right and truth; since it is true
That mercy in the Law is nothing new—
A self-existent essential of it
And not in truth one jot above it —
I bid thee know, obeyed its mercy stands
Great as creation; but its just commands
Once broken, know no mercy, save therein
Is consequence proportionate to sin.
No human mind so weak but can detect
The tendency of evil and reflect
Upon its end; and, so reflecting, know
The expiation it must undergo;
For as to God the attributes belong
Of all that is infinite, so of wrong
Committed 'gainst His laws, the consequence
Is likewise infinite for each offense.

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The Dreamer

Then, Spirit, speak! Why hast thou promised me
A new abode? Doth immortality,
Dispensed by God with such a lavish hand,
Grant naught but woe eternal and expand
The limit of my agony and pain,
Till ages countless as the drops of rain
That fall from Heaven's vault seem but a day
Lost in the flight of time? Is he astray
From holy truth who in his heart believes
That in some future state the soul retrieves
Somewhat of error and mistake indulged
Ere to his puny mind hath been divulged
His destiny, the secret of his fate?
Doth God grant knowledge only when too late?
Speak, I implore thee, though the speaking cost
The pain of certainty that I am lost!

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The Voice

Thy doubts, born not of thought, but sudden fear,
Before the light of truth must disappear
As overwhelming darkness fades and dies
When morning's sun illumes the eastern skies;
And in the glory of the new-born light
Thy mind's awakening shall be as bright
As budding dawn unfolding to full bloom,
Or ray from Heav'n, dispelling endless gloom!
Have I not said that in the realm from whence
Thy soul did emanate, the consequence
Of evil deeds and God's law disobeyed
Shall be in honest measure truly weighed
With thy ill conduct and thy conscious guilt?.
Thy faith, upon the firm foundation built
Of perfect confidence in love divine,

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Should yield conception of God's great design.
Of life immortal the celestial breath
Was not breathed in thee that a living death
Through all eternity should be thy lot—
Accursed in Hell and upon Earth forgot.
This bear in mind: Eternal law is just;
It sanctifies no sin, nor doth it thrust
A saintliness upon a few elect,
And in the act all other souls reject;
It provides no Innocent's sacrifice
To insure the guilty in Paradise;
But sternly speaks, in accents clear and strong,
"Who findeth happiness must know no wrong."
The distant future thou canst not define;
The Past is dead — the Present, only, thine.
Then grasp it while it lingers, ere it fades
Into that silent depth, where grieving shades
Bend mourning o'er the grave of wasted time.
I see the mighty spectacle — sublime

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And infinitely sad. The deep-drawn sighs
Of spirits weeping o'er the spot where lies
Lost Hope, with Love and fair Ambition near—
All that we hold in life's sweet hour most dear—
Are wafted to me on the midnight air.
Nothing but tears and vain regret is there!
And wilt thou, too, lay in that silent grave
The qualities that God in kindness gave,
That thou might'st bear in life a noble part
And in eternity a happy heart?
Beware! Existence is no paltry thing;
It hath an equal power to bless and sting.
Thou hast heard. Let then, thine attentive ear
With equal earnestness incline to hear
The whispered counsels of thy inmost soul:
Give Conscience in all things complete control;
Make it the ruler o'er thy mind's domain,
And like the music of some Heavenly strain

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Whose gentle harmony, low, sweet and clear,
Pervades the universal atmosphere,
Until the baser senses feel the spell
Of influences they can not repel,
Its wondrous power shall keep thee undefiled
Till thou with God in peace art reconciled.

* * * *

Digitized by Google

So saying, with a silent tread,
Like one who walks amongst the dead
  In some secluded burying ground;
Or as a thoughtful priest might pace
The corridors of some holy place,
  Betrayed not by a passing sound;
The Spirit fleet in soft retreat
  Glided into the great Unknown,
  While whispered the breeze in an undertone,
  "A vision seen, a vision flown!"

Seen, and forever unforgot!
Flown, yet around the hallowed spot
  Where stood the Spirit a moment since,
As a rose its sweetness doth distil,
There lingered then and always will
  A consciousness to all-convince
Th' uncertain mind, by doubt made blind,
  That One had been there who had graced

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The courts of Heaven and embraced
The joy of all things pure and chaste!

Thus musing on the strange portent
Of ev'ry wonderful event
That passed before me like a dream,
I caught the sound of voices singing—
Now softly sweet, now loudly ringing—
That to the list'ning ear did seem
A Heav'nly strain, a glad refrain,
Bearing the ecstacy of bliss
Of those in a fairer world than this
Who living had done least amiss.

As, gazing into the Promised Land
A soul on the mountain-top might stand,
Hearing the music of the spheres,
I paused, my heart two worlds between,
And heard a hymn of powers unseen—

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The harmony of untold years.
And this is the song th' angelic throng
Sang of the triumphs of sacrifice
And telling of One who should arise
To speak the glories of Paradise!

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The Chant of the Angels

Eternal God! Thou Perfect One alone
Of all who bow the knee before Thy throne—
Father of all—
Thou who didst think, and with the thought evolve
Th' material universe, and dissolve
The sweets of life within the soul of man;
We do recall
The wondrous mercy of Thy mighty plan
Conceived ere other life than Thine began!

And dost Thou now to favors multiplied
Like grains of sand upon the wild sea-side
Year after year,
Add this last token of Thy tender love
For erring Man, who didst Thy pity move

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When pierced him first of deadly sin the fang;
When the first tear,
The crystal symbol of his grief, o'ersprang
Its bounds, the sad betrayer of a pang?

Speed the Spirit on Heav'nly mission sent!
Haste his departure, strengthen his intent!
Cause Earth to know
That Truth and Love survive and Mercy pleads,
Though oft the heart, stricken and wounded, bleeds,
Shuddering that no helper lifts the veil
Of endless woe!
O Father, let Thy messenger prevail,
Teaching that faith in Thee can never fail!

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Voice the Third

SEEKER of truth, who after righteousness
Doth hunger and thirst as mortality
Longeth for that which is infinite, Peace!
Thou who dost meditate on sacred themes,
Communing with another higher world
Whose spirit forms, on wondrous errands sent,
Appear before thee and their counsels give
Of holiness, of virtue and of love;
Thou mortal, first in history, for whom
Time, backward turning from his onward course,
Lets fall his secrets from his Spirits' lips;
Who sees the past revealed and hears proclaimed
The necessities of the present hour,
As Heav'n gives welcome to the wandering soul
Greets thee the day of thy enlightenment!

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I come, apostle of the living truth,
Prophet of things that shall be, exponent
Of things that are and have been. Dost thou hear
An echo from the distant land, a sound
Of great rejoicing, as Solomon heard
Immortal psalms, sung by a thousand tongues,
Resounding in the temple of the Jews?
It is the deep, celestial harmony
Of angels breathing worship to their God.
And thou, too, in the hour that sets thee free,
When on thy wondering gaze there breaks the dawn
Of an eternal day, may'st be of them.
Thy voice may join with theirs when Heaven peals
With the glad praises of the King of kings;
And sharing in their song, so may'st thou share
Their best conceptions and their destiny —

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To know the sweet repose of perfect peace;
Not equally with each companion soul,
But to thy uttermost.
Yet here awhile
In the brief season that men call Life,
Ere Earth reclaims the graceful form she gave
And manly beauty yields to loathsome dust;
While still the soul clings to its mortal home,
Looks calmly from thy eyes, and on thy brow
Reflects the light of its own purity;
Here, now in sorrow, now in happiness,
In joy and grief, through tears and pleasant smiles,
Shalt thou live on the life allotted thee.
If blind to truth, seek not to see all things;
The tired brain must needs abjure its thought.
If Reason satisfy thee not, beware!
For where the Reason falters there comes Doubt,
Thrusting his base deception in thy path,

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While Faith is left to die upon the way.
Ask not, then, why thou livest, if to think
Of living be a toil; gird up thy faith,
And it shall all suffice, as at the feast,
Though little be consumed, thou hast thy fill.
Yet, if thou canst conceive the primal cause
Whence spring the germs of life, the massive bulk
Of the great material universe
And all the myriad spirit forms that live,
Some seen of mortal eyes and millions more
Beyond the dark, impenetrable veil
That screens what is to come from that which is;
Conceive thyself a part of God Himself,
The incarnation of His thought divine;
Living, because He lives, though all-endowed
With power of shaping thine own destiny.
Thou canst be what thou wilt; not in a day,
But in the end; for death is but a change,
In which we hear the sweet and tender words

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Of those who, standing on the farther shore,
Beckon us on with kind and gentle smile,
Bidding us be of courage, since we come
Into their midst with welcome everywhere.
So shalt thou share their struggles and their hopes —
A tearful witness when some spirit falls,
But joyful when he rises; thus thy life,
Like theirs, shall be of progress and of love —
Bright as the morning sun, though oft the clouds
Dim its refulgent beams and cast a gloom
Over the landscape of thy fondest dreams.
Be thou always resolute; bear thyself
Not too exulting, but with dignity
Born of the spirit's knowledge of its end;
As one who on his person doth sustain
The signs of perfect confidence and hope.
Hold not too lightly in thy mind's esteem
The trials death will open unto thee;

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Nor yet affect unreasonable fear
Of what the future may contain for thee.
    Dreamer, thou livest in a time and age
When wicked phantoms of a cruel fate,
Long taught thee to be waiting for thy death,
Are falling, one by one. Beyond recall
Many are lost and buried in the Past,
As many more shall be; they are dead,
Unwept, unheeded, and almost forgot.
Let none alarm thee with a well-wrought tale
Of an eternal punishment in store
For disbelievers in a certain creed
Or scorners of a most uncertain faith.
Severe will be thy expiation, true;
And infinite, but not forever laden
With a crushing, ceaseless pain, greater tenfold
Than sin could merit at the hands of God.
Surely thou knowest one may suffer much
And yet not heed. Yesterday I sinned;

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To-day the pangs of vain remorse possess
My every sense; to-morrow, or as years
Like fleeting dreams pass by, I have forgot
That I have sinned at all; nor is the least,
The smallest weight of consequence removed
Or blotted from my deepest heart thereby;
For as 'tis true that mortal suffering
Is often measured by its falling short
Of that which constitutes true happiness,
Rather than by that which seems its deepest woe,
So in the land that lies beyond the grave
The lines of consequence are visible
More clearly to the holier spirit's eye
Than to the sinner who indulged the sin.
The great Creator has but made his law,
That justice cannot be revenge, and sin
Shall its atonement earn, of such a kind
As ev'ry soul is given strength to bear.

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Man cannot ask for more than he is given.
Endowed with that creative faculty
Of mind and heart that shows a handiwork
Wrought by Omnipotence, and conceived
In the very ecstacy of power
For a destiny higher than decay;
And with his promised immortality
Displayed upon his outward, worldly self,
As if his Maker's genius sought to prove
The argument of the soul's existence
To the world — thus made from God's own spirit
And formed as one whose soul can conquer Death,
Man is the masterpiece of creation.
And rarest and most priceless of the gifts
That in him bear fruition to his soul,
Are these two gems of immortality:
Faith, Hope.

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As dew upon the tinted rose,
Or rain on tender vegetation falls,
So these congenial kindred qualities
Refresh whate'er in spirit life they touch.
Then slight not these to make thyself more strong
In things that will inure less to thy good!
Earth hath no comforter, nor Heav'n a boon
Such as was given thee when in thy breast
Faith had its birth and Hope first sprang to life.
Thou wouldst not lose thy memory, nor think
To profit by the loss of health or limb,
And yet, through heedless scorn and long disuse
Of gifts bestowed to elevate thee most,
Wouldst suffer such to languish in decay
And leave thee helpless in thy vaunted strength.
Faith is the deep, wide harbor of the soul,
Where the weary mariner, long at sea,
Feasts his delighted eyes upon the shore,
And satisfied that all is safe and well,

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Sinks, like the waves receding, to his rest;
And Hope, the star of promise in the skies,
Casts one last beam upon his prostrate form.

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Rest and sleep, sleep and rest,
Nature is kind to the weary;
Children of Earth, whom she longeth to bless,
Know ye the mood of her deep tenderness?
Rest and sleep, sleep and rest,
Spiritland ne'er shall be dreary.

Sleep and rest, rest and sleep,
Light in the darkness is breaking;
Lo, on the mountains the watch-fires gleam,
Gentle the voices that speak in thy dream.
Sleep and rest, rest and sleep,
Blest be the hours ere waking!

Dream, dream, slumber and dream,
Angels of Truth bending o'er thee;
Whither the waves of Eternity roll
Dreaming shall open the gates of the soul.
Dream, dream, slumber and dream,
God and His goodness before thee!

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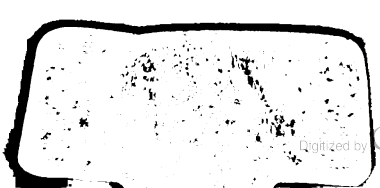
ANNEX

P.U.L. Form 2



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